

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

Michael J. Sullivan
Field horse

Finished out of money
Rock marks on face
Nary whiff a rose blanket
nor place
For muddy days no lust
Hot days ate after dust
my leer baying bitter betters
Winter hoofs frozen
Ran in rut chosen

Creaky legs pull beneath upright trees
Slow plop slow plop slow plop
Today's hackney company
parlay one gaily donned cart
As tourist marinate spotted scenery
riders plead photo of jockey and me
Thank us with their hearts
Late seasons subside
commingled latent strides
Winner circle a curb
Final feedbag claim?
Glad they picked our names